

Rossllyn

by SweetKnees

Category: West Wing

Language: English

Status: In-Progress

Published: 2016-04-14 01:37:34

Updated: 2016-04-14 01:37:34

Packaged: 2016-04-27 18:27:28

Rating: M

Chapters: 1

Words: 705

Publisher: www.fanfiction.net

Summary: A series about how Jed and Abbey deal with the aftermath of the Rossllyn shooting.

Rossllyn

"Rossllyn"

Author's Note: I wanted a little more interaction between Jed and Abbey after he got shot, so here are conversations I imagine them having in the hospital and the subsequent weeks. Please enjoy and review!

****Chapter****1****

"Baby? Jed?" Abbey ran her fingers through Jed's hair, wanting him to open his eyes. All she wanted was to see her husband before he went into surgery.

His eyes fluttered open. "It's okay, Sweetheart. I'm fine," the President said, taking his wife's hand and holding it to his heart. "It's a through and through." He looked so pale under the hospital's fluorescent lights, but his voice sounded strong.

"I talked to the anesthesiologist."

"Okay," Jed said simply, knowing that Abbey meant she'd told the anesthesiologist about his MS.

"Dr. Bartlet, we have to take him into surgery now," Dr. Keller called from a few feet away.

Abbey nodded and turned back to Jed. "I love you." She knew he was going to be okay, but she couldn't help her trembling lip.

"I love you too, Abbey."

She gave him a kiss and squeezed his hand. "I'll see you in a few

hours."

"All right, honey." He watched her walk toward the door. "I love you!" He couldn't help saying it again.

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"Your stitches look good," Abbey said, pulling down Jed's hospital gown.

Jed was too groggy to do anything but nod.

"I called Ellie and Liz. I told them that you're going to be fine, so they don't have to visit. Of course they both insisted anyway. They should be here in the next few hours. Zoey doesn't have class until next week, so she's camped out in the lobby with your staff." Abbey knew she was babbling, but her nerves were shot. Logically, she knew her husband was fine. But the shock of him being shot was still tearing her up inside. She always knew she might lose him to MS. But she never imagined that anyone would shoot him, even if he was the President of the United States.

She turned when she heard the door open. "Dr. Keller, good to see you."

"How are you feeling, sir?" the doctor asked.

"This morphine drip is quite nice," the President said tiredly. His eyes were half-closed, and he barely listened as Dr. Keller spoke with Abbey over in the corner. They were talking in low voices about something. Jed didn't much care what the subject was. He thought he saw his wife put a hand over her mouth, but he wasn't sure. He just wanted to drift off to sleep again.

"You'll be in some discomfort for a few weeks, as the incision heals," Dr. Keller said, as he came over and checked Jed's levels on the IV machine.

Jed nodded sleepily.

"This is important now. You can't exert yourself at all physically. So that means no lifting, no strenuous exercise. And no sex."

This got Jed's attention. His eyes jolted open. "What?! For how long?"

"Probably three months at least."

"Three months?!" The President couldn't imagine going that long without being with Abbey. It was bad enough that he'd been shot. But now he couldn't be intimate with his wife for three months.

"Jed, you've had major surgery. What did you expect?" Abbey said, sitting down on the bed.

"I guess I didn't really think about that part," Jed admitted unhappily.

"You'll be back to normal in no time, Mr. President," the doctor told him. "There's something else, though, that we need to tell

you."

"Could it be worse than not being able to sleep with my wife for three months?" Jed grumbled.

Abbey took Jed's hand, knowing this news would devastate him. "Jed, please," she said in a tone that let him know what he was about to hear was serious.

Dr. Keller cleared his throat. "Josh Lyman was also shot, sir.

"Oh, God. Where was he hit? Is he okay?" Jed asked frantically.

"It's serious. The bullet collapsed his lung. The surgeons are doing everything they can."

****To Be Continued...****

End
file.